2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

836 Marriage.—There is much premarital license for girls, who are abducted into the men's club. Apart from moiety exogamy and 582 preferential clan unions, the kinship nomenclature suggests marriage 174 with the father's eldest sister's daughter and with the father's younger sister. The actual occurrence of such arrangements, however, is as 585 yet undemonstrated. On the other hand, sororal bigamy and the simultaneous marriage with a woman and her daughter by a previous 591 husband are observed facts. Residence is matrilocal.

763 Death observances.—A dying person (das Garças group) is smeared with urucú amid feminine lamentations. The corpse is covered and must no longer be seen by the women and children. Kinsfolk 602 gash themselves, so as to make the blood trickle on the bier. Indoors 764 a long chant begins to the accompaniment of gourd rattles. The dead person is wrapped and tied in a mat with all his possessions, including his broken bow and arrows. At sunset the body is taken to the men's [622] club, where the chiefs chant and shake their rattles all night. After a brief rest in the morning, the song is resumed and continues until sunset. Near the club the young men prepare a shallow provisional grave. The mourners again wail, gash themselves, tear out or cut their hair, and spatter blood on the burial. Until the close of the mourning period, male relations avoid urucú and kinswomen put on a special girdle.

764 Mortuary rites are combined with other ceremonies. On the eve 224 of the burial the people organize a hunt in honor of the dead, the game being brought to the bereaved and communally eaten. A [616] mourner gives to the valiant hunter of the opposite moiety the hairs he has plucked from his head and a gourd trumpet. Both the hair and the gourd represent the deceased person's soul (aroe). For a fortnight chanting continues in the mourners' hut, then the flesh is removed from the corpse. Young men now impersonate the mythical hero Mariddo (pl. 87), who danced for hours with a heavy bundle on his head, their vain efforts to emulate this feat arousing general hilarity as the parcel falls to the ground. At this juncture bull-roarers are wielded, representing a large mythical beast. The hunter reappears in a disguise as the dead man's representative and the mourners lead him from the club. Women and children would die at sight of either him 88 / or the bull-roarer. On the other hand, this is precisely the time for 764 initiating boys deemed old enough. Accordingly, several nude youths plastered with mud represent the mythical animal and, after caressing the hunter, frighten the novices with yells and pelt them with mud before allowing them to see the bull-roarers. Thus the funeral rites involve a boys' initiation.

765 After a night's chanting, the corpse is unwrapped, the bones spread 764 out, washed in a stream, and then carried to the club, where the souls

Mature women, when menstruating, wear black loin cloths. For the first time the boy is shown the aije (bull-roarers) and the other secret ceremonies forbidden to women and children. He is also spatially leaving the women's domain; he is moving to the men's house. As he was born in the jungle, moved to the village and named, now he is passing from the periphery of the village to its center. Before the initiation ceremony, the sisters of his yorubodare pluck out all his body hair, for hair is an animal characteristic. He is made to jump over a fire. Cooking is a cultural process, and the boys in the initiation ceremonies are made cultural by being "cooked." When the decision for an initiation ceremony has been made, the men say, "Let us cook the boys" (pawo ipare ekowu).

Marriage is an anticlimax. The alliance with the other moiety has already been confirmed by the initiation ceremony; sexual needs are well attended to by the female associates in the men's house (Crocker 1969: 236-260) and by casual affairs, and now one must move again to the periphery, at least during the night. The continuity of the society must be assured; but it is not a thing to brag of, to extol with ceremonies, or to be proud of.

Finally death. The number and the meaning of funeral ceremonies lasting a month and a half and the number of songs, ornaments, food exchanges, and maternal lamentations would require the space of another book. With death a man's passage from one moiety to another is completed. He himself becomes the ancestor of the other moiety which he has im-

763 personated in ceremonies during his life. The exchange is
[619] total. He gets a new name, becomes an Aroe, and joins the
775 other Aroe in Bakororo and Itubore. Dressed in colored
[553] feathers, the Aroe are beautiful and spend their time dancing
[833] and singing. It is a world without dangerous sex and with-
[609] out enemies, without foreign tribes and Brazilians; it is a
[772] cultural place. Man comes from nature and dies into culture.

769 But this is not the end. The Aroe, too, get hungry, and the living make meals for the spirits when they eat food in the name of Aroe. Aroe enter their representatives and eat. The dead are dependent on the living. And the living are de-
[825] pendent on the dead. Aroe come to the living in the forms of fish and animals to be caught. The exchange continues.

769 825 Aroe come again and again to visit their mother, their father, their children, their poari, their bow and arrow. They transform themselves into nabure, kuido, kudoro [varieties of macaws] kurugugwa [a variety of hawk], aroe echeba [harpy eagle], and come again and again. They transform themselves into fish, into tubore [a variety of small fish]. The same fish, the same animals that we eat. Thus we are eating each other.[1]
[264]

772 Culture and nature occupy the same space. Older and
[593] younger brothers, though opposed, are still one; mother and child never really become totally separated—separation is a continuous process. Fission and fusion are complementary

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1. "Aroeeture mato tuje, tuwo, tonaregedu tuguye poari, tudugo, tuwoiga bogai mato pugeje t t t je. Du wure nabure, kuido, kudoro, kurugugwa, aroe echeba udo pudumi, tugiyarigodu keje t t t je ji-je rugada tuyamedu tabo. Ere kare edo pudumi, are tubore edo pudumi. Duwu karo, barogo jire pagwagere oino. Kodire puire pagwagere oino."

in the game of life. The Bororo started as a mixture. Their father was a man, their mother was a doe.[1] They try to pluck all the hair they got from from their mother; they try to become more human, to become spirits, but it is a vain effort. The living and the dead, nature and culture can never be separated.

Or can they? At some time in the 1930's, if the story is correct, the Bororo became painfully aware that they were dying out. Not just a few individuals, but everybody, the entire society was coming to an end. They realized that they were all going to die and nobody would be left to feed them and to care for them when all of them had become Aroe. There was no way to cope with this problem; the final solution was not built into the structure. An outside intervention was needed to solve the problem. The last great Bororo chief from Kejari had a dream about a new and different place for Aroe: Uwororo puwaewu Aroe--the place where Aroe take care of Aroe. The umbilical cord with earth has been finally cut completely. In death the Bororo will become pure culture.

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[1] According to a myth, only one man remained alive after the Flood. He mated with a doe and started anew the Bororo society. To stress the fact that the mating occurred between a cultural being (male) and a natural being (female), the Bororo say that Bope transformed himself into a doe (Bope ure pobogo aredu pudumi).

8:Konfk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

on the São Lourenço River, and to photograph the events that followed a death that had just occurred there. This story gives only the highlights of these events—a complete report would require an entire monograph. 114

When a Bororo is gravely ill, without hope of recovery, his friends and relatives decorate him with feather ornaments and anoint his body with urucú, a brilliant red paint made from 763 [301] [302] [386]

[p. 40-C]

6:Kozfk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

the oily seeds of a shrub. As death nears, the assemblage begins to chant softly. Then, one by one they approach the dying person and pay him their last respects by briefly placing a hand on his forehead. 763 [386] [533]

As soon as breathing has stopped, the body is quickly covered with a sleeping mat, for the corpse must not be seen again by the women or chil- 764

[p. 40-D]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

place in the thoughts and doings of the Bororó as it does in the minds of all the peoples of the earth. Elucidating further, Prof. O. T. Mason says that, "In a general sense, religion is the sum of what is thought or believed about a spirit world and what is done in consequence of such thinking. What is thought about such a world constitutes *creed*, what is done or what a people does under its inspiration constitutes the *cult*. The *creed* and the *cult* together form the religion of any individual or people."

The religion of the Bororó is expressed chiefly by an elaborate system of diabolical rites and ceremonies for the placation of disembodied souls, or spirits, which they call *bopi*—demons; and a funeral is the occasion for the greatest display of the savage ritual, or *cult*. It is a great *musical* pandemonium, savage dirge, or hell's concert; or a sort of wild man's opera or tragic play, enacted by a primitive male quartette, mixed chorus and orchestra, and lasts several days and nights, first with the body present, and a week later, with the bones present.

When a member of the tribe becomes so ill that the family begins to fear for his life, one of the tribal priests, or sorcerers, is summoned to his hut where he lies naked on a palm-leaf mat spread upon the ground, to declare whether he will live or die. This primitive ecclesiastic may think, inspired with wicked cunning, that the sick one will die naturally within a certain number of days. Or, he may hold a grudge against the stricken man, and may consider this a good opportunity to balance accounts. So, in announcing to the family the number of days the patient will live, he mentally resolves that if death should not occur naturally at the time he shall name, he will see to it that it occurs, nevertheless, in some other way. Or, again, he may feel that life in the village has long been very dull and monotonous, and that there is immediate and urgent need of a social function or festival of some kind; and what could be more entertaining to the savage public than a good funeral *bakororó!* In this case, also, he will see to it that the victim dies at the time he indicates. In any event, he will take steps to have his predictions "come true" to the letter, in

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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order to maintain his prestige and reputation. He informs the anxious and waiting family of the number of days their loved one has to live by touching that number of fingers on his uplifted hand, and each time he touches a finger, repeating the word, "*meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, by,*"—sun, sun, sun, sun, sun, die,—meaning that the patient will see five suns—five days—then die. Or, the conjurer may say, "*nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, by,*"—sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, die,—meaning that the sick one will sleep, or pass five more nights, then die. If, at the end of this time, he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the sorcerer, will suddenly enter his hut, sit astride of him on his stomach, and strangle him until he is dead. The grief-stricken family may stand about moaning and crying, but will offer no resistance.

When a Bororó has been summoned from his earthly *bai*—naturally or otherwise—to wander with the demons in their world of sadness and gloom, whether the event occur at meridian or at midnight, the body is immediately rolled up in the palm-leaf mat which has served as a bed during life, and borne to the great hut where the elaborate funeral ceremonies, or *bakororó*, are at once inaugurated. At the head of the corpse stands a quartette of big, burly and entirely nude savages, of terrible visages, having their bodies besmeared from head to foot with black slush, their heads decorated with large fans of brilliant feathers representing the rising or setting sun, and holding in their hands gourd-shell rattles larger than a quart measure. These lead the medley of uncouth, blood-curdling noises, uttering constantly a loud, deep, prolonged, growling, roaring, bellowing, diabolical moan,—hee-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, squatting slightly with each wail of woe, and shaking the huge rattles held in each hand. Behind these four "children of the sun," stands a group of female savages, who howl and wail, mutter, moan and shriek an accompaniment, meanwhile not forgetting to fan off the flies that light on the bodies of the male quartette in front of them. The remaining inhabitants of the village, except the family of the deceased, group themselves on both sides of the

/456 cont./

198 224 Nocturnal howl of Lamantation. Evening after evening, from at least four or five huts, came the incessant howls of lamentation by individual women. These are the wives of men who are on a hunting expedition and are expected back in a few days. Bábela bábela bá.... baba éh. The lament lasts until far into the night; it is scarcely possible for us to sleep. It has a very definite purpose, however. The women say that afterwards, [787] when they lie down to sleep, they will find out in their dreams when their husbands will return. They will know it the next 963 morning. At the moment they are all the more occupied with this matter since the wife of one of the absent ones, the Indian "Coqueiro" (coconut palm), has just died. In the men's house the red covering of the dead has been spread out, a pot and two work-shells of hers have been added; two baris let resound a lengthy song of lament, while a number of mourning women remained in the background.

Vesper prayer. At eight o'clock in the evening the "reza," the vesper prayer of the soldiers, takes place. Yesterday we followed the procedure more closely, and, when the horn-player gave his signal, we took our places in front of the prison door in order to watch. Gradually 32 men, besides the ever present guard, gathered at the main house /457/ and "arranged" themselves in two rows, tall and short, as they happened to come, in whatever garb, but each one equipped with his Comblain rifle. The full moon shed its mild light on the strange fellows. Facing them stood two cadets, one of whom read the names by the light of a candle, the other cut himself pieces of sugar cane and sucked contentedly. As soon as a name was called, the bearer answered, sometimes loudly, sometimes softly, depending on his mood, "pronto," "present." To our astonishment, the "pronto" suddenly sounded behind us in a hollow, sepulchral voice issuing from the guardhouse cell; through a crack in the door we were amused to see, from the shadow moving back and forth, how the culprit in a bright light inside was swinging in his hammock.

763 /460 cont./ A child of about Two which had been struggling with death for about 24 hours and whose end the baris had predicted for today was brought out in front of the hut. The mother was holding it in her lap; the medicine men and relatives sat around and lamented. Behind the mother squatted the father; for a while he remained motionless, then -- one of the onlookers was just lighting his pipe -- /461/ he drew a cord around the neck of the poor little mite and quickly brought to fulfillment the prophecy of the doctors. Immediately everyone except the [535] mother got up; the medicine men fetched their feather ornaments [764] and rattles and, with a booming "aroé..., aroé..." song, commenced the mourning dance.

726 The festivity in the ranchão and the mourning ceremonies outside suddenly suffered a mighty disturbance, however, when two shots were heard from the forest. Somebody there was again shooting at the Kayapó! One man who was sleeping off his intoxication had caught sight of them and heard them shouting! Having waked up, he sounded the alarm and a mad hubbub was [411] the result. Eliseo had the soldiers report; in no time the plaza was filled with men, all of whom carried bows and arrows, clubs, and axes, with women who had packed up all their belongings in carrying baskets and were dragging their children or pushing them on ahead, with half-grown boys, most of whom were also armed. [764] Only the woman with the little dead creature in her lap remained [535] in her place, and a few dancers with the great radial wheel of red arara feathers around their heads stamped, sang, rattled on steadfastly, or, after they had mingled for a moment in the bustle, returned to their duty.

The crowd was milling about wildly and pressing around the main building. The soldiers stood there in a long row; the cadets and officials could scarcely defend themselves against the onslaught, and no one could hear his own words. It was a dark night as well. The agitated ones demanded an immediate crossing to the other river bank before the Kayapó arrived; the entire company was ready to march. Fortunately, the people did not dare separate themselves from the soldiers. There was such a surging and seething that one did not know whether he still had possession of his five senses. Gradually the surging

/511 cont./

794 828 The Kayapó were truly in the vicinity of the village; no one doubted it. From his own experience Clemente confirmed the accuracy of their predictions. If the wife left behind in the village while her husband is absent on a hunting expedition, sitting half the night alone in her hut, has loudly lamented and grieved for a few hours and then lies down to sleep, her soul will certainly find the hunters, and, after awakening, the women will always give accurate accounts of where they are now and when they will return. The proximity of the enemy is discovered in the dream, people flee, and he enters a deserted village.

●763 It is quite true that in the case of a person who is very ill the baris accurately predict the day of his death. Not only was the child whom I mentioned on page 568 killed when the time came, but even in the case of Coqueiro's wife artificial means were employed. She was brought, still alive, into the ranchão; her face was covered with a cloth and she suffocated under the cover. According to the baris, she was to die on the fourth day, and she died. I believe one can easily understand this tampering with Atropos' handiwork, particularly in the case of a frequently roving hunter tribe, even if it does not put human beings and animals on the same level quite as seriously as the Bororó, because they are accustomed to giving dying animals the finishing stroke and are not in a position to remain for an arbitrary period in some localities. The fact that the baris know how to benefit by this custom is another matter.

761 795 [171] Ideas about death and the existence after death differ essentially from those of the Kulisehu Indians insofar as the medicine men responsible for the death do not live in a neighboring village and carry on their magic art there, but are in certain animals, which are unfortunately or foolishly killed and which now avenge themselves by taking away the living.

[171] Whereas the medicine man of the Bakaïrí transforms himself into animals only temporarily in narcosis and after death goes to heaven in human shape, here death itself is nothing but a transformation into animals, a dream, the reality of which has become visible to all.

584 Young men choose their future wives. When a young man finds a girl he likes he paints himself, puts on all his decorations, goes to the girl's house, and sleeps on the girl's mat all night, but without touching her. Next morning the parents of the girl ask her if she wishes to marry the young man. If the girl agrees, her mother orders the young man to go out hunting. The mother observes the young man's behavior and success in hunting. [585] When the young man has brought in enough game he is permitted to sleep with the girl and is thereafter considered her husband. He remains with his [591] in-laws and is treated like a son, for if the father-in-law has sons of his own they go out in marriage. [606] Mothers-in-law appear to be important in men's lives, for one man told me that when one goes into the spirit world one asks first about one's mother-in-law.

●763 When a person is dying the relatives begin to wail around his mat. The friends of the dying then come and participate in the wailing. A relative of the dying person then selects a non-764 relative to bury the corpse. This man, who is called *motohdto*, asks other men to help him and they dig a grave about 5 feet deep in the floor of the house using sword clubs for digging. The body is then painted and the decorations are put on, the bow and a few arrows are laid beside him so they rest on his right shoulder, and the sword club is placed on his chest. He is then sewn up in four layers of sleeping mats (*pápurúna*) and is lowered into the grave. A woman is similarly wrapped in mats, and a digging stick is placed with her. The grave is left open for one day so that friends and relatives can continue crying over it. The 768 people build a new house nearby but keep the old one repaired for as long as a year, depending upon how well the deceased person was regarded by his or her relatives.

775 Men enter the spirit world armed so that they can defend themselves. The digging stick which the women take is also used for defence. If men quarrel and fight while living, the loser dreams that when he dies he will turn into a jaguar or a snake and will lie in wait for his enemy's ghost. When this ghost enters the spirit world he will kill it. This is why men must be armed. The Umotina stated that their greatest fear was about their own souls after death. If a person injured